



so, that he shook off both his shoes.

"Give your evidence," the King repeated angrily, "or I'll have you executed, whether you're nervous or not."

"I'm a poor man, your Majesty," the Hatter began, in a trembling voice, "and

I hadn't begun my tea—not above a week or so—and what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin—and the twinkling of the tea——"

"The twinkling of *what*?" said the King.

"It began with the tea," the Hatter replied.

"Of course twinkling *begins* with a T!" said the King sharply. "Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!"

"I'm a poor man," the Hatter went on, "and most things twinkled after that—only the March Hare said——"

"I didn't!" the March Hare interrupted in a great hurry.

"You did!" said the Hatter.

"I deny it!" said the March Hare.

"He denies it," said the King. "You must give your part."

"Well, at any rate, the Dormouse," the Hatter went on, looking anxious, "he would deny it too; but that's nothing, being fast asleep."

"After that," continued the King, "you must give more bread-and-butter——"

"But what did the Dormouse say?" the jury asked.

"That I ca'n't remember," said the Hatter.

"You *must* remember," repeated the King. "I'll have you executed."

The miserable Hatter dropped his head, and went on eating his bread-and-butter.

"I'm a poor man, your Majesty," he said.

"You're a *very* poor speaker," said the King.

Here one of the guinea-pigs, who had been immediately suppressed by the court. (As that is rather a long story, I will explain to you how it was done.) The guinea-pig was put into a canvas bag, which tied up at the top with strings: into this they slipped the guinea-pig first, and then sat upon it.)